

Eating For Two by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Day 27 Growth

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"Oh wait no," Steve frowns, face going all pinched as he huffs and pushes away from Billy "I'm hungry" and Billy cannot help laughing, body shaking with it. It is not the first time Steve has gotten the two mixed up.

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Author's Note:

Day Twenty-Seven Growth from the Harringrove
April Prompts

Eating for Two

Steve has got a swell in his tummy that Billy cannot get enough of. A new life growing inside of him, a perfect combination of the two of them that Billy cannot wait to meet. Billy worries sometimes, will lay with his head pressed against Steve's belly and fret over whether he will be a good parent, if he will turn into his dad. Steve always pets a hand through his hair and tells him they will both be good parents because they have each other to lean on and it always eases his worries.

Billy wakes to the sun shining golden yellow through the curtains and Steve whining in his ear "Billy." As he presses close the bulge of new life growing in his stomach touching first. It will not be long now any day in fact and then they will get to meet their child. "Billy, I'm horny." Steve whines again trying to press his hips closer but his stomach keeps getting in the way. "Billy!"

"Alright, alright, I got you." Billy chuckles shifting from his back and curling into Steve's space making it easier on him when he presses in close again.

"Oh wait no," Steve frowns, face going all pinched as he huffs and pushes away from Billy "I'm hungry" and Billy cannot help laughing, body shaking with it. It is not the first time Steve has gotten the two mixed up.

Steve pouts and stares at Billy imploringly and Billy just slides an arm

around his shoulders and pulls him closer, other hand caressing over Steve's stomach, always touching, always flooded by the new life growing inside of him. They made this together, a perfect little combination of the two of them, something Billy never thought he wanted, not until Steve. "What are you hungry for walnut?" Billy asks, he is still tired, could still spend a few more hours lazing around in bed but he is more than willing to give that up to satiate Steve's hunger.

Steve's mouth twists as he looks up at the ceiling with a hum, thinking on it for a few minutes, while Billy just caresses his stomach, big palm sweeping over Steve's bugging belly delighted when their little growing bundle gives a kick. Steve is less delighted by it, over the repeated kicks to his bladder, wriggling out of Billy's hold and hurrying to the bathroom with a shout behind him of "Pancakes!" Billy just rolls onto his back again laughing before he slowly gets out of bed.

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"Hey pretty boy." Billy calls as he hears the bottom step creak before Steve pads his way into the kitchen, pretty and plump, glowing with the new life growing inside of him.

"Hey Sunflower." Steve presses against Billy's back as best he can, which means his stomach resting against Billy's lower back and his forehead falling against Billy's neck, having to curve forward and down because of his added circumference. "I was wondering something." Billy stops stirring the pancake batter, he already knows what is about to happen and sets the batter aside.

"You want something other than pancakes huh?" Billy asks with a snort, this happens rather frequently too, he will still make the pancakes so he can freeze them and feed them to Steve for snacks over the next few days. He likes eating them after Billy's popped them in the toaster, does not even bother with more butter or any syrup when they are toasted.

"Maybe." Steve whispers into Billy's skin, dropping a kiss against the back of his neck.

"Alright walnut, what do you want?" Billy is pretty sure he already knows, Steve has had recurring cravings for french toast over the last few weeks.

"It's not what I want, it's what our parasite wants." Steve says and Billy snorts. Steve only calls their baby growing in his belly a parasite after they kick at his bladder.

"Okay what does our parasite want?" Billy asks as he turns around, getting his arms around Steve who straightens up enough to glare at him.

"You don't get to call them a parasite Billy, only I get to do that." He huffs hands curling over his stomach and the life growing inside protectively. "They aren't doing terrible things to your body." Steve says with a pout and Billy wraps his arms around him, trailing his nose over Steve's cheek.

"I think you look beautiful walnut." Steve just purses his lips and Billy peppers kisses over his cheeks and nose. "What does that perfect bundle of joy growing in your beautiful tummy want to eat?"

Billy keeps kissing, using his hold on Steve to sway them to the music playing from the little hand radio on the counter until Steve is smiling. "French toast."

"I'm going to make you so much french toast baby," Billy promises with more kisses "you want strawberries or blueberries with it pretty boy?" Billy asks, mouth trailing to Steve's for a proper kiss.

"Both" Steve twists his mouth up, sucking his bottom lips in between

his teeth and Billy tugs it free.

"What else?" He asks with a fond smile.

"Do we still have any peaches?" Billy nods and moves to retrieve the little container full of cut up peaches that are left over from last night. Steve squirms around excitedly as Billy digs them out of the fridge, making grabby hands when Billy turns around with them.

Steve is pouting again when Billy pulls them away holding them out of reach using a hand against Steve's stomach to keep him from getting them. "Kiss" Billy demands in the same way Steve always does, getting that frown to tune upside down as Steve laughs.

"Come and get one you ass, I can't believe you are withholding food for a kiss. I'm growing a whole other person in here." Steve mutters with no heat pointing to his stomach and going lax waiting for Billy to lean in for his kiss.

"Got to get them however I can pretty boy." Billy says giving Steve a soft kiss before he gets his hands on the peaches and is breaking away tearing the lid away and shoving two slices in his mouth with a happy hum.

"Could have asked, like I would ever deny you a kiss." Steve's words are muffled around his mouth full and Billy just leans in and catches the juice dribbling down Steve's chin with his tongue.

"It's more fun this way, pretty boy." Billy says as he goes in for another kiss when Steve swallows his mouthful, tasting sweet peaches on Steve's soft tongue. "Why don't you go finish those on the couch while I whip up enough french toast for three." Billy says gently, pushing Steve in the direction of the living room with a pat on the butt that makes him laugh around another mouthful of peaches. Billy just stands there watching him waddle out of sight

before moving to start frying up pancakes for freezing while he starts making the egg mixture for the french toast.

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“Why are you watching Golden Girls? It makes you cry every time.” Billy says as he comes into the living room with two trays full of breakfast. Steve is on the couch settled on the middle cushion with a blanket wrapped around him like a cape, box of tissues on his lap as he full on weeps as the theme song for Golden Girls plays. He cannot even make it through the theme song without tearing up, not since he hit his third trimester.

“It’s just so good.” Steve cries, tossing a used tissue into the small pile to his left before getting a new one.

“I know but let's watch something else so you can actually eat.” Billy says as he sets the trays on the table and flips the channel to something that hopefully will not make Steve cry. Billy had heard about the hormonal changes but all the crying still makes him uncomfortable, he hates seeing Steve cry.

“Okay,” Steve still has that weepy tone as he blows his nose one last time and Billy drops a kiss against his hair as he hands him a tray laden with more than enough food to help him keep growing their baby. They eat while some cartoons play and Steve hums along.

It does not take long for Steve to finish eating, he has been eating even faster than normal since his belly popped and he grows rounder by the day, eyeing Billy’s plate with interest. “You want another slice?” Billy asks, he put a few extra slices on his plate just in case, grinning when Steve just nods eagerly. Billy flops a thick piece onto Steve's plate and gives him the bowl of extra fruit on his plate as well. Steve has been ravenous for fruit for the last couple of months.

“Thanks babe, you’re the best.” Steve says around a sticky mouthful of french toast and it is gross, it is always gross and Billy loves it just as much now as he did the first time he realized Steve talks with his mouthful.

“Yup.” Billy pops the ‘p’ smiling as Steve crinkles his nose and swivels his head in a vaguely mocking way, attention already slipping back to his food. Billy ends up giving him the rest of his plate when he himself is full, watching Steve fill up to his heart's content, moving the trays back to the coffee table when they have both finished.

“So did we decide on a name yet?” Billy asks as he rearranges them on the couch, leaning his back against the arm and pulling Steve back to rest between his legs, hand going to the growing bulge of Steve's stomach hoping to feel their baby kicking. It has been an ongoing discussion since before Steve even started showing. Billy is pretty sure they are not actually going to land on one until their baby is in their arms, but he likes listening to Steve ramble about what names might be best. So he settles down deeper into the couch, pulling Steve snug, pressing his face into his hair and making little hums of agreement while smiling at the kicks he can feel where his hands are pressed against Steve’s stomach.

-End

Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>